February 1, 2025

Car Poor

In a town where dreams and engines roar,

Lived a soul who was car poor,

With a heart full of wanderlust and cheer,

But a wallet that couldn't steer.

Each morning brought a hopeful start,

With a sputtering engine and a prayerful heart,

The old car groaned, its tires worn thin,

Yet it carried dreams, despite the din.

Through winding roads and city lights,

The journey was filled with highs and plights,

A magical tale of grit and grace,

Of chasing dreams at a steady pace.

The car, though old, had stories to tell,

Of midnight drives and wishing wells,

Of laughter shared and tears that fell,

In the rhythm of life, it knew so well.

With every bump and every turn,

Lessons of life, the soul would learn,

That wealth isn't measured by gold or steel,

But by the love and joy we feel.

In the quiet nights, beneath the stars,

The soul would dream of fancy cars,

Yet found contentment in the simple ride,

With the magic of hope as a guide.

For being car poor was not a curse,

But a journey in a humble verse,

A tale of resilience, love, and more,

In the heart of one who was car poor.

So let the engines hum and the wheels spin,

For the true journey lies within,

In the magic of dreams and the open door,

Of a life well-lived, though car poor.